

Cenis. All this in the intervals of agonies from the stone, which drove him to groan and yell without restraint, but could not break his energy.

As Mayor his term of office lasted two years. He made it clear with his usual frankness at the outset that he proposed to do his duty but not, like his father, to be a martyr to it. He kept his word; Bordeaux re-elected him for two more. The troubles of the League grew worse; he had to spend days and nights in arms; but his boldness mixed with conciliation kept the peace in Bordeaux. At the end of his second term came the plague which swept off half the population of the city. He was in the country outside at the time; he had no further duties within the walls; he could have done nothing; he stayed where he was. It was not heroic. It was merely sensible. But he had faced calmly enough a case of the pestilence in his own household at Montaigne; and no one who remembers his quiet courage in other crises will join those who accuse him of having lacked it now.

He went back to his pen. The fruit appeared in a new edition of the *Essais* in the year of the Armada, 1588. The second and third editions of 1582 and 1587 had been little changed. But this contained some six hundred additions and the new Third Book. Then on the margins of this new issue the restless pen of this disbeliever in revision began anew to accumulate fresh additions—more

and more improper and frivolous, many of
them. For
as the shadows darkened over his old age,
he felt the
need of more and more gaiety; just as the
closet off his
library was bright with gay paintings of the
loves of
Mars and Venus, of Cymon and Pero. He
refused the
invitation of Henry of Navarre, the laughing
prince after
his own heart who had now become King
at last, to
be his confidential adviser. He was too old
and broken